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of wondrous improvisation. Who cannot remember an experience like this? On no occasion are the delights of fiction so intense. Fiction? These are the triumphs of fact. In the richness of his invention and memory, in the infinitude of his knowledge, in his improvidence for the future, in the skill with which he answers, or rather parries, sudden questions, in his low-voiced pathos and his resounding merriment, he is identical with the ideal fireside chronicler. And thoroughly to enjoy him, we must again become as credulous as children at twilight.

The only other name of equal greatness with Scott's handled by Mr. Senior is Thackeray's. His remarks upon Thackeray are singularly pointless. He tells us that "*Vanity Fair*" is a remarkable book; but a person whose knowledge of Thackeray was derived from Mr. Senior's article would be surely at a loss to know wherein it is remarkable. To him it seems to have been above all amusing. We confess that this was not our impression of the book on our last reading. We remember once witnessing a harrowing melodrama in a country playhouse, where we happened to be seated behind a rustic young couple who labored under an almost brutal incapacity to take the play as it was meant. They were like bloodhounds on the wrong track. They laughed uproariously, whereas the great point of the piece was that they should weep. They found the horrors capital sport, and when the central horror reached its climax, their merriment had assumed such violence that the prompter, at the cost of all dramatic *vraisemblance*, had to advance to the footlights and inform them that he should be obliged to suspend the performance until betwixt them they could compose a decent visage. We can imagine some such stern inclination on the part of the author of "*Vanity Fair*," on learning that there were those in the audience who mistook his performance for a comedy.

We have no space to advert to Mr. Senior's observations upon Bulwer. They are at least more lenient than any we ourselves should be tempted to make. As for the article on Mrs. Stowe, it is quite out of place. It is in no sense of the word a literary criticism. It is a disquisition on the prospects of slavery in the United States.

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3. — *The Campaner Thal, and Other Writings*. From the German of JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. 16mo. pp. 383.

GRATEFUL as we are to the publishers of this volume for the generous faith in Jean Paul and their public which inspires them to bring out in so excellent a form everything of his which they can get in

English, — nevertheless, ungracious as it may seem, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that, in this instance, they did not wait long enough to add to the leading piece in this collection the affecting *torso* which belongs with it, letting these, with certain fragments and sentences (unfinished piers of the great bridge over its vast subject), occupy the present volume, and reserving the rest of the miscellaneous material for another.

It is known to all readers of Jean Paul's life, that he was engaged on a work, resuming the subject of the *Campaner Thal*, when death arrested the busy hand and brain, and took that great heart home to the perfection for which it yearned and labored. It was this unfinished work, the "*Selina*," and not the *Campaner Thal*, which was laid upon his coffin, and went down with all that was mortal of Jean Paul into his grave.

The German editor of the *Selina* prefixes to the book some "Prefatory Fragments" extracted from the author's commonplace-books of preparation for the work, concluding with the droll sentence, "No reviewer will, I trust, act against me the part of Cain, who slew Abel, because he asserted immortality," and containing the following affecting passage: "Why no fun in *Selina*? not because the subject forbade it, — for see my *Campaner Thal*; not because I was too old, — for see my next book; but because I felt no inclination for it." The *fun* in the *Campaner Thal* refers to the grotesque and satirical series of wood-cuts and commentaries on the ten commandments which, in the German, form part of that book, and his "next book," which was to contain fun, had already for many years had its plan sketched under the title of "The Kite, or my last Comic Work."

This Preface is dated "Baireuth, November 14, 1825."

It seems that, soon after the publication of the *Campaner Thal*, Jean Paul formed the plan of a second work on Immortality, and for that purpose prepared a blank-book, to contain hints for future development, which he entitled, "*Campaner Thal*. September, 1816."

After some years he made a second book, on which he inscribed "*Selina* I.; or Continuation of the *Campaner Thal*. June 23, 1823"; — shortly after, another, "*Selina* II. November, 1823"; — then "*Selina* III. 14 September, 1824; 8 April, 1825"; — and finally a fourth, which he entitled "History" (a green-bound quarto, relic and remembrancer of his dear son Max, who died in 1821); this last ending with the paper called "Proof from Memory," and bringing all of the work that could be published to a close.

The fragment, as it now stands printed, is in nine chapters, named after the planets, beginning with Mercury and ending with Jupiter.

The Preface says: "If Herodotus divided his History, and Goethe

his poem of 'Hermann and Dorothea,' not into chapters, but among the nine Muses, I thought I might be allowed to choose, considering the greater number and lesser worth of my divisions, instead of the nine Muses, merely the eleven chief Planets with their ministry of moons as the doorkeepers and ancestral statues of the several rooms. One resemblance at least the planetary company need not be ashamed of in my chapters, that these, like them, have chosen a sun as the centre of their orbit, and the title might be a double one: Immortality or God."

The author had revised the first five Planets a few months before his death, and declared that these chapters (in the red-bound volume, afterward buried with him) were ready for the press; the Juno, Ceres, and Pallas chapters were complete, but had not been revised; the Jupiter chapter was yet unfinished; two more, Saturn and Uranus, and perhaps a closing chapter, which (in the words of the editor) "was to collect the whole circle of Planets around the Sun of Immortality," were only indicated, but not written out, — when this extraordinary spirit "passed the flaming bounds of space and time."

"Thus far, and no farther," the editor's loving and reverent hand places, instead of *Finis*, at the end of this incomplete work, and makes these words the text for his touching reminiscences of Jean Paul's last days and studies, and of the beautiful simplicity with which, amidst his growing blindness and his sorrow for the loss of his only son, he resigned himself to the will of Providence. On his last day he let himself be taken to his chamber at three in the afternoon, and lay there with the serene and submissive composure of a child, in peaceful waiting for the great summons.

Such is the merest superficial account of the origin of Jean Paul's last work, which we hope the publishers of the *Campaner Thal* will some day present to his admirers.

But now, having spoken of what they have *not* given us, it is time we said something of what they have given us. Of the translation of the *Campaner Thal* we are sorry not to be able to speak in high praise. To be sure, it would have to be a very poor translation which should wholly conceal Jean Paul's beauties, which should not in fact reveal much of his charm. And certainly this version does, on the whole, give a vast deal, perhaps we should say almost the whole of Jean Paul's *meaning*, and a good deal of that rhythm which is the hardest thing to carry over from one language to another. Still, having carefully compared a considerable portion of it — the first and last Stations closely — with the original, we are bound to say that we find a number of blemishes or defects, arising, we are persuaded, more from inatten-

tion than from incompetency. Jean Paul is a writer whom it will not do to think of rendering at a flying glance, or by substituting *transfusion* for *translation*. He demands a close, conscientious eye and hand.

The faults of translation generally may be divided into three classes, — understatement, overstatement, misstatement, of an author's thought. With Jean Paul one is hardly liable to sin much in the second of these respects; in the first and last, Miss Bauer is too often found tripping. Perhaps her chief fault is what many translators of Jean Paul are chargeable with, namely, that of little weakenings and tamings of his expression, which, when looked at in single cases, may not seem much, but in the long run seriously impair the power of the writing and blur the manifestations of the author's genius. Thus it might seem hypercritical to remark on "*minutely condensed world*" (in the Introduction) as a translation of "*kleine zusammengeschmolzene*"; on the rendering of *Isles of the Blest* by "the Holy"; Daphne's grove by "*grotto*"; *verschmerzen* (p. 8) by "withstand," instead of *worry down* or the like, "all sorrows"; making the lover *drag*, instead of *snatch*, the hands of the dead maiden to his burning lips; or (p. 14) letting the flowers only *breathe*, when Richter says they *steamed* (expressive of the intense sultriness) from their chalices; it may not seem much matter if, on page 13, the pine torch carried into the grotto is made to draw a *flying smoke-picture* (when Richter says a flying *vergoldung*) along the tree-tops; or if it is said of Nadine, "she received him with an assemblage of wit, or was it grace?" when the original is "an embassy of wits, or were they graces?" — but every one can see that many such slight robberies must seriously impoverish us at last in the matter of getting Jean Paul's wealth. Sometimes a nice allusion is sacrificed strangely, as, for instance, where, on page 4, we have "golden *sheep*," for "golden *calves* and *fleeces*." In fact, the sins of this version are more those of omission than of commission.

But there are several cases of actual mistranslation. Thus, why should Richter be made to say, on page 8, that Dante paints hell better than *purgatory*, when he does say "than *heaven*"? On page 10, Karlson the materialist is said to be "too much accustomed to *analyzed ideas and opinions*," when the original has it "physical views and prospects." In the next sentence it is said, "he had never broken the ambrosia, *whose delights a trust in immortality affords*"; the German being, "whose enjoyment imparts immortality." On page 12, the translator speaks of Karlson's "muse- and goddess-warmed heart"; Richter says, "*more warmed by muses than by goddesses*" (having just stated that the adored one was about to be torn from that heart by marriage).

After the first chapter the rendering seems to grow more accurate, expressive, and true. (We interrupt ourselves to point out to the printer, on page 37, "astronomy, this *sawing-machine* of suns," a mistake, taken from the English copy, for *sowing-machine*.) Still, even in the last we find (p. 60) *schöpfrad* (water-wheel) rendered "*creative wheel*," and on page 61, the question, "O can death, that haven of refuge, be but the last engulfing whirlpool?" is thus emasculated: "O, can death be but the last destroying whirlwind?"

But why dwell longer on these faults, which, after all, only show the reader what he might have had, when he has enough, — at all events, has Jean Paul in one of his most beautiful prose poems, full of his good heart, his childlike prudence, his manly sense, his holy faith? It is pleasanter to thank again the publishers for giving us this charming work in an English dress, on the whole so tasteful and fitting.

As to the work itself, we shall not forestall the pleasure of the reader by describing how happily a story of thwarted love and despairing sorrow, conquered by noble friendship, the scene of which is laid in a mountain valley, shut in, with its murmuring river and sweet meadows, from the world of men, like a little heaven on earth, is made the vehicle of disquisitions on Immortality, which develop with such ease and beauty Jean Paul's cherished doctrine, that the great proof of future immortality is the present world of immortality revealed by Truth, Beauty, and Virtue, as lying without that of sense.

We have already intimated that the *Campaner Thal*, in the original, consists of two parts, just as (Jean Paul says in his Preface) man does, who "resembles the two-headed eagle of the fable, which with the one head bends down to eat, while with the other he looks round and keeps watch"; the second part being an "Exposition of the Wood-cuts under the Ten Commandments of the Catechism," in which Jean Paul quizzes the old Lutheran pedantries and impositions, — and he begs the critics to judge leniently "the comic arabesques and moresques of the commentary in an age wherein upon the one shore so many bleed, and on the other so many weep, and wherein, therefore, more than ever, we have to rescue, not our hopes only (by faith in immortality), but our cheerfulness also (by diversions)."

This comic portion of the *Campaner Thal* (containing, however, — need we say? — a great deal of wisdom as well as wit) we trust the publishers will give us in a future edition or volume. But at all events we hope they will not fail to bring out the *Selina*, which seems to us one of the most delightful of Jean Paul's books, full of a sweetness, simplicity, and serenity indicative of a pure life's calm evening, — a rich harvest-field made beautiful by the setting sun. So confident

are we that our readers must one day see this remarkable work, that we have some misgivings about marring their future pleasure of discovery by telling those of them who have read the *Campaner Thal*, that Selina is the name of the only daughter and child of Gione, who has died since the events of the former book; that Karlson has married a certain Josepha, a true, good German wife and mother; that one of his sons, Alex, has taken up the scepticism and materialism which his father renounced; the other, Henrion, a soldier and scholar, now fighting for the Greeks, being a warm believer in immortality, and an eloquent preacher of it in his letters to Selina, whose lover he is; and these, with Nantilde, Karlson's daughter, and (of course) Jean Paul himself, form the excursion and conversation parties, whose adventures are the silken thread on which are strung the pearls of the author's quaint humor, pathos, and poetry. In this company, as our steps wander through pleasant scenes of earth, our thoughts "wander through eternity."

This fragment ends just in the midst of Jean Paul's reply to Alex's objections to recognition in a future world.

The editor of the *Selina* appends to it a considerable collection of "Precursive Thoughts," extracted, under several heads, from Jean Paul's commonplace books, among which is the following affecting allusion to his son: "This is the only book of mine which he will not have occasion to read, since he has immortality as its own proof. His burial-day I consecrate to myself by the determination to write on Immortality, — be his ashes to me Phoenix-ashes. — Dedication to him!"

But enough of this prospective reviewing. We return, in conclusion, to the volume before us, simply to say that the translations by Carlyle, which form a large part of it, need no praise from us, and that those by DeQuincey will probably be new to many of our readers, as they were to us, and as welcome; for surely if any genius could, his was the genius to reproduce Jean Paul.

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4. — *A Treatise on Logic, or the Laws of Pure Thought; comprising both the Aristotelic and Hamiltonian Analyses of Logical Forms, and some Chapters of Applied Logic.* By FRANCIS BOWEN, Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard College. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1864. pp. xv., 450.

THE publication, a few years ago, of Hamilton's *Lectures on Logic*, with an Appendix containing various papers, in which his new views